

# CHRISTMAS IDE

ONG years ago o'er Bethlehem's fair plains,  
Where heard the wondrous and enchanting strains  
Which unto man foretold the glorious birth  
Of a Redeemer to the sons of earth.

The years have many changes brought  
Since then, Nations have had their rise and fall, and  
Have come and gone and left their impress  
In thoughts and deeds we cannot but revere.

But though the world has through them  
Better grown, Still greater, better far the influence  
Thro' Upon the world by Him, who, Son of Man,  
His reign of peace at Bethlehem began.

The little town, the ever-glorious day,  
The manger where the infant Jesus lay,  
These have an interest none deny,  
And meaning sweet as comes the Christmas morn.

As babe, He came, that He might fully be  
All that was meant in our humanity;  
Each stage of life He met with such a grace  
As spoke the great Redeemer of His race.

A man of sorrows, yet with no complaint,  
He bore earth's trials and its rude constraint,  
And from our earliest life until the end,  
To all, the love of a devoted friend.

His words of wisdom, as He came of age,  
Proclaimed Him both the teacher and the sage;  
In words that all could understand, He taught  
The heavenly truths which unto man He brought.

Lover of souls, to rich as well as poor,  
He showed alike the ever-open door,  
Through which all might an entrance safe obtain  
To mansions fair, which ever shall remain.

Blessed His work, and on this Christmas morn,  
Which speaks of when, to us, the Christ was born,  
We feel His love and messages of truth  
Have in them still a freshness as of youth.

He was, and is, the gracious Friend and King,  
The One to whom glad offerings we bring;  
May He to us send down this Christmas tide  
Rich gifts that shall through coming years abide.

—J. M. Thompson, in Boston Budget.

# THE BROWNING'S CHRISTMAS

NE week before Christmas John Browning and his wife sat by the waning fire in the grate after all their children had gone to bed. They enjoyed its warmth and their own relaxation from toil, and were talking over their affairs in general. Mr. Browning was a good mechanic, and in reasonably good times always made a comfortable living for his wife and five children; but the stagnation of business and frequent cessation of work during the past two years had cramped them greatly in money affairs. The children grew so fast, and wanted new clothes so often, and needed so many books, and had such healthy appetites, that the struggle to supply them had, for a long time, been a hard one. Mrs. Browning had done all her own work and taken in some sewing besides. Mr. Browning had worn his old clothes and boots until they were scarcely respectable; had left no stone unturned to get work, and yet withal the butcher and grocer were pressing him, and things looked discouraging generally. As a result of a general survey of the situation, Mrs. Browning said:

"Well, it is evident we can't have much Christmas, yet I do think we ought to make the children as happy as we can. It does no good to have them feel the weight of care, or realize the burdens and difficulties of life as we do; and so, if you can collect enough money on the small bills due you, I think we ought to get them some small present, and that we had better get a turkey if we possibly can."

With this conclusion her husband agreed, and they began to count up what money they might probably depend upon. Mr. Browning took out his account book and pencil and commenced to figure.

"Col. Randall owes me \$2.30 balance for fixing his porch. He is able to pay, and I think I can depend upon that. Mr. Smith owes 50 cents for a fire-board; Mrs. Jones, the milliner, owes me a dollar for a screen for her window; that new grocer across the corner owes me \$1.25 for making him a rent for his wagon, and perhaps some other piece of work may be found between this and Christmas. But even if I get no work we can depend on five dollars with a good deal of certainty."

All good is comparative. Having thus concluded to have as happy a Christmas as possible, and also that they had five dollars to be happy on, John Browning and his wife went to sleep with a feeling of contentment and happiness which many a rich family planning for costly expenditures might envy them.

The next morning the ground was covered with a deep snow, and while they sat at their frugal breakfast a loud knock was heard at the door. On opening it, Mr. Browning was met by a portly and handsome man who wore a great overcoat with costly fur collar and gloves, who asked if he was John Browning, the carpenter.

"Well, I want to get you to make a 'jumper' for me right away. We don't often have such a snow as this in the west, and my wife and children want to enjoy it. Can you come over to my house right after breakfast and see how I want it made? Then I want a large wood-shed built this week. Could you go on and build it immediately?"

John Browning's eyes glistened, and his face fairly glowed with pleasure at this unexpected good fortune. He agreed to come at once, and when he sat down to finish his breakfast he could not forbear saying to his wife and

children: "I guess we are going to have a jolly good Christmas. Mr. Potter is a rich man, the people say, and will pay well and promptly for work done. I can earn \$20 this week if he gives me the work he speaks of."

The effect of the good news of work obtained was felt by the whole family. The children were exultant and good tempered as they went off to school. Mrs. Browning went around with a light step and cheerful heart singing at her work. It is wonderful how hope lightens toil. As she sang and worked she thought what comfort and pleasure the coming \$20 would bring. They could nearly square off with the grocer and butcher, and consequently enjoy Christmas that much better. She thought of her husband working away so cheerfully in the cold, his heart full of the thought of what his wages would procure for his family, and her heart blessed him as a good, kind husband, and life seemed very sweet and bright to her. Mr. Browning came home at noon even more full of good cheer and hope than when he went away in the morning. Mr. Potter very good to him, and to whom money was of small consequence. He was having a wonderfully nice "jumper" made for his children, and had given orders for Mr. Browning to go right after breakfast to the wood-shed. The children all rejoiced again over the good news of work, and exulted in the thought of generous gifts and a turkey for Christmas.

During the week both the grocer and butcher called around to check their bills, and were both assured by Mrs. Browning that they would receive some money on Saturday night, inasmuch as Mr. Browning had been so fortunate as to have steady work all week.

Christmas day came on Sunday, and it would be necessary to get all the gifts and the good things for the Christmas dinner on Saturday. The day was very cold, and John Browning found it was going to push him hard to get the wood-shed done by evening. As he wished to have a little time in which to enjoy spending his hard-earned money, paying what he owed, and in the happy employment of going with his wife to buy Christmas gifts for the children, he employed a fellow-workman to assist him on Saturday. At noon he came out his bill to Mr. Potter, and carefully placed it in his pocket, feeling that it was as good as much money. About five o'clock the last nail was driven, his tools were gathered up, and Mr. Browning went around to the front part of Mr. Potter's house to see his employer and get his pay. Just as he raised his hand to ring the bell, Mr. Potter came out, followed by his wife and children, all heavily wrapped up, and evidently just starting on a journey. A large sleigh stood at the front gate loaded with trunks and valises.

"I have finished the wood shed," said Mr. Browning, "and called to ask you to look at it and to present you my bill."

"All right, all right, Mr. Browning, but we are just starting to the city to spend the holidays, and I cannot pay your bill till I return, which will be in two or three weeks."

"But my family are needing and depending on this money," said Mr. Browning, with a sinking heart, "and it would be very inconvenient to wait. Could you not—"

"No use at all in insisting, my dear fellow," said Mr. Potter, in a tone half angry, half insulting. "I need all the money I have, and more too, now that I am taking my wife and children to spend the holidays in the city."

"Good evening; what can I do for you?" said that severe-looking gentleman, not recognizing her as a near neighbor as he came into the hall.

"Mr. Browning, my husband wishes to know if it would be convenient for you to pay the small balance on this bill this evening."

Col. Randall took the bill hesitatingly, turned it over and hemmed and cleared his throat and then said:

"I've paid \$30 on this bill, and I should think Mr. Browning need not trouble me for the balance on Christmas eve."

"But he has been disappointed in getting pay for work and needs the money," said Mrs. Browning, who had followed him into the hall.

"So do I need money. People seem to think I'm made of money. I really can't spare this trifling sum. Besides, I told Mr. Browning the last time he asked me for this balance, and he has bothered me about it a great deal, that when I get ready and could spare the money I would pay him. Good evening, ma'am."

And with this the colonel turned on his heel, and while Mrs. Browning waited for the servant to let her out she heard him say to his wife in the sitting-room: "It is one of the annoyances of having work done by traveling workmen that they are always dunning one for the pay. I am sure John Browning has bothered me more for this little balance than the whole bill is worth."

"And so this is what poor John has to stand when he tries to collect his bill," said Mrs. Browning to herself, as she hurried home. "Starveling workmen, indeed! And then to think I am ready to blame him into the bargain."

Over and above all her feelings of disappointment now rose the feeling of love and sympathy for her husband. How she did regret her sharp words at

the news of his failure to get his money from Mr. Potter. When she reached home she found only the two older children still awake, and then she consoled cheerfully, telling them that though they could not have much for Christmas, yet they must be kind and cheerful and not add to dear papa's troubles by fretting. Her own spirit was reflected in theirs; kind and affectionate feelings were inspired by her cheerful words and talk; and although before they went to bed they hung up their stockings by the fire, in case any good luck should come, yet their little hearts were bravely preparing for disappointment.

It was nearly an hour before Mrs. Browning heard her husband's footsteps on the walk. She hurried to the door, and as he entered, she looked lovingly and sympathizingly in his face. His feelings also had evidently been moved by reflections of a gentle and tender kind, for as soon as he closed the door and noticed the kind look on his wife's face he held out his arms toward her. She threw hers lovingly around his neck and pressed her cheek to his.

"Never mind if we do have hard times and bad luck, John," she said; "we have each other and the children, and we will be happy in spite of all."

"My dear good wife," said John, holding her close to his heart, "if I could only give you what you deserve you should have every comfort and pleasure in life."

And then in a few moments they sat down at a simple meal. Mary told her husband of her success with Col. Randall. He had not got any money except the one dollar from Mrs. Jones, the little milliner, but the new grocer wanted to pay for the making of the seat for his wagon in trade, and they could get two chickens and a few groceries there. The dollar would get a small Christmas gift apiece for the children, and so they would make the best of it.

"Well, let us go out and buy the things for Christmas," said Mrs. Browning, and a few moments later, closely bundled up from the cold, John Browning and his wife walked cheerfully and lovingly along the village street. They got two plump chickens and enough material to make a substantial dinner at the new grocer's. Then they went to a store where there was a good five-cent counter, and had much amusement and pleasure in selecting a lot of little articles suitable for putting in the children's stockings, not forgetting a pound of stick candy. Coming home they busied themselves for awhile in wrapping each article in a separate piece of paper and in deciding which should go into the different little stockings, not forgetting to put in two or three sticks of candy, all wrapped in separate packages.

Very early Christmas morning Mr. Browning got up and put on a good night, so that the room might be warm when the little folks should discover their stockings, which they did in the early dawn. It was a joyful surprise to the children, who were just as happy as though the gifts had been costly. As for Mr. Browning and his wife, the blessed alchemy of love had transformed their disappointment into affectionate sympathy for each other's trials and disappointments, and they listened with happy hearts to the gay chatter of their children, saying to themselves and to each other: "We are having a good Christmas, after all." What was lacking in material good was made up in kindness and love, and earnest effort to make the best of things, and to cause their children to have a happy day. And when, at dinner, they sat down to partake of the two nicely-browned, stuffed chickens, instead of the expected Christmas turkey, their happiness and enjoyment might well have been envied by the two inconsiderate employers whose injustice and disregard of the honest claims of those whose labor they had enjoyed, came so near spoiling the Brownings' Christmas—Mrs. Helen E. Starrett, in Chicago Interior.

For the Christmas of To-Day.

While there are so many things about which to thank God. But while amid so many alleviating circumstances the nation keeps the holiday, I wish special happiness for your households. Let middle-aged men and women and the aged during these seven or ten holidays rally all their sprightliness and put themselves in accord with the young. Make this a bright memory. They will very soon have to put their shoulder under the burden of life and harness themselves for the world's battle. Father, mother, help them now to get a surplus of exuberance that will last them when life has become a serious thing to them, as it has become to us. When you are I have gone out of the struggle, and in the far distant holidays they think of us, as they will think of us, do not let them think of us as grumpy and dull, sitting around discouraging about our aches and pains when we ought to have been sympathetic with their merriment. And after all these family unions have ceased and we no more on earth rejoice in the children's glee, may it be because we are all together in our Father's house, keeping the eternal celebration.—T. De Witt Talmage, in Ladies' Home Journal.

CHRISTMAS EVE

Jimmie—I guess that'll fetch him, Bobbie.—Judge.

Disconcerting.

Mr. Fangle (to Johnny Cums)—Well, Johnny, are you praying for many Christmas presents this year?

Johnny—No, I ain't. I didn't get half what I prayed for last year.—Judge.

—It is a good plan to act at Christmas tide as if you never expected to see another.—Judge.

# THE GUARD'S STORY.

From the State Journal, Lincoln, Neb.

There is probably not a stronger man or more trustworthy guard employed at the Nebraska State Penitentiary than J. T. Ralston. To a stranger he appears a very good example of the man who boasts that he never was sick a day in his life.

For many years Mr. Ralston lived at Syracuse, Nebraska, and the old residents there remember him as one of the strongest and healthiest of their number.

In 1890, or thereabouts, when the "grip" first broke forth in this section of the country, it claimed him as one of its earliest victims. Like most men with a strong physique, he succumbed at the disease and did not guard properly against it. For days he lay in bed and left it only as a confirmed invalid.

About this time he moved with his family to Peru, Nebraska, where some of his children were attending the State Normal School. He hoped the change would do him good, but he was disappointed. He doctored with the local physician, but the cure was his own who was practicing medicine. All seemed to go a-pace, and in a few days he was able to get about, but he was still in mind and body the poor man, and his family that he feared there was no hope for him.

A happy thought of his own led him to try strong stimulants. He was again able to work, but he soon found that this relief was but temporary, and when bad weather came he was subject to severe attacks of the "grip."

Two years ago Mr. Ralston was employed at the Nebraska State Penitentiary at Lincoln, the state capital, and in the active active while performing the duties of guard. Last fall, however, he was put out on the street, and with the change of work came his old trouble in even more aggravated form. He was not only troubled with the usual miserable feelings of the "grip," but he found himself short of breath and generally weak, these things uniting him in a most distressing condition.

Once more, almost in despair, he sought a cure and purchased a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He followed the directions and felt better. Five more boxes followed the first and the long suffering was a well man.

Said he to a local reporter, to whom he had just given the above facts: "I feel now as though I could stand more hard work than I ever did, and if I needed a position now I would hunt one on a harvest field. Why, only last Sunday night I took a severe cold which, a year ago, would have laid me up a week with the 'grip,' but now it causes me only temporary annoyance and I simply live it out."

Mr. Ralston has been long and favorably known in many parts of Nebraska both as a private citizen and as a leader in the original Farmers' Alliance movement, and hosts of friends rejoice with him in his remarkable recovery, for which he credits the original Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of the price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50; they are never sold in bulk or by the 100; by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

—When we see cranking past us that enormous mass of iron and wood called the vestibule train, we are prone to wonder at the wide difference between the construction of this train and that of a bicycle. A 211-pound "safety" will carry a 150-pound man at nearly the same rate of speed as the train, but for every 150-pound man the vestibule train must carry a dead weight of between 3,000 and 4,000 pounds. Now, as the bicycle is a practical machine, the train must be unnecessarily heavy; and, if there is such a discrepancy in one important point, may not an equal discrepancy exist in other important points?

—Dillon—"Nice umbrella, that. What did it cost you?" Dalzer—"Six dollars. What did yours cost?" Dillon—"O, just a little effort."—Rosbury Gazette.

—The beaver hunters of the early days of this country believed that the severity of the coming winter was indicated by the thickness of the beaver huts.

—Keeping It In.—"The plaguey foire is going out again, Moike." "Shure, I'll fisten the doore, Biddy. That'll kape it in."—Ally Spicer.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, December 17, 1905.

CATTLE—Native Steers—\$3.25 to \$4.10  
COTTON—Medium—\$12.50 to \$13.50  
FLOUR—Winter Wheat—\$3.25 to \$3.35  
RICE—No. 2—\$2.00 to \$2.10  
CORN—No. 2—\$1.00 to \$1.10  
POPK—New—\$0.75 to \$0.85

ST. LOUIS.

COTTON—Medium—\$12.50 to \$13.50  
FLOUR—Winter Wheat—\$3.25 to \$3.35  
RICE—No. 2—\$2.00 to \$2.10  
CORN—No. 2—\$1.00 to \$1.10  
POPK—New—\$0.75 to \$0.85

KANSAS CITY.

CATTLE—Shipping—\$3.00 to \$3.50  
FLOUR—Winter Wheat—\$3.25 to \$3.35  
RICE—No. 2—\$2.00 to \$2.10  
CORN—No. 2—\$1.00 to \$1.10  
POPK—New—\$0.75 to \$0.85

NEW ORLEANS.

CATTLE—Shipping—\$3.00 to \$3.50  
FLOUR—Winter Wheat—\$3.25 to \$3.35  
RICE—No. 2—\$2.00 to \$2.10  
CORN—No. 2—\$1.00 to \$1.10  
POPK—New—\$0.75 to \$0.85

LOUISVILLE.

CATTLE—Shipping—\$3.00 to \$3.50  
FLOUR—Winter Wheat—\$3.25 to \$3.35  
RICE—No. 2—\$2.00 to \$2.10  
CORN—No. 2—\$1.00 to \$1.10  
POPK—New—\$0.75 to \$0.85

CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Shipping—\$3.00 to \$3.50  
FLOUR—Winter Wheat—\$3.25 to \$3.35  
RICE—No. 2—\$2.00 to \$2.10  
CORN—No. 2—\$1.00 to \$1.10  
POPK—New—\$0.75 to \$0.85

THE GUARD'S STORY.

There are two kinds of sarsaparilla: The best—and the rest. The trouble they look alike. And when the rest dress like the best who's to tell them apart? Well, the tree is known by its fruit. That's an old test and a safe one. And the taller the tree the deeper the root. That's another test. What's the root—the record of these sarsaparillas? The one with the deepest root is Ayer's. The one with the richest fruit; that, too, is Ayer's. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a record of half a century of cures; a record of many medals and awards—culminating in the medal of the Chicago World's Fair, which, admitting Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best—shut its doors against the rest. That was greater honor than the medal, to be the only Sarsaparilla admitted as an exhibit at the World's Fair. If you want to get the best sarsaparilla of your druggist, here's an infallible rule: Ask for the best and you'll get Ayer's. Ask for Ayer's and you'll get the best.

—It is a good plan to act at Christmas tide as if you never expected to see another.—Judge.

# How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

W. J. CUNNINGHAM & CO., Proprietors, Toledo, O.

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# Annual Half Rate Excursions to Canada

via Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway.

The Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway has arranged for the usual Half Rate Holiday Excursions to principal points in Canada for season of 1905.

Thursday, December 10th, Saturday, December 11th, Tickets good to return up to and including January 9th, 1906.

Avail yourself of this opportunity to visit Canada and spend the Holidays with the Folks at Home.

All through trains of the Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway pass through the Great St. Clair Tunnel, one of the wonders of modern engineering skill, and is the only line offering the public advantages of through Pullman car service to Canadian points. Tickets may also be purchased reading via Detroit if desired.

Excursion tickets on sale at all stations. For further particulars apply to Ticket Agent, 108 So. Clark St.

FORN PARENT—"I wish, Bobby, that I could be a little boy again." Bobby—"I wish you could be a little larger than me."

The Favorite Route to Florida.

Why not, when going to Florida, take advantage of the opportunity of going via St. Louis, making but one change of cars en route, and that in the grand St. Louis Union Station, the largest in the world, and thence take the "Hot Springs Route" to Florida. Through sleepers to Jacksonville, low rates, liberal limit of stop-over privileges, and fast time. Address: GEO. E. LARV, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

Almost all my travels were stretched in my mind, either in the act of hearing myself, or a few hours after.

The shipper of a vessel need never be without fresh eggs. He can always lay to.

# World's Fair! HIGHEST AWARD. IMPERIAL GRANUM

Many competing FOODS have come and gone and been missed by few or none but the popularity of this FOOD steadily increases!

Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE! John C. & Sons, New York.

# See that hump?

It's the feature of the DeLONG Pat. Hook and Eye. No matter how you twist and turn, it holds the eye in place.

Send two cent stamp with name and address, and we will send you Mother Goose in new clothes—containing ten color pictures; ten black and white pictures; and lots of lively things.

THE AEROMOTOR CO. does half the world's window blinds, because it has reduced the cost of making them 1/3 of what was. It is now made of wood, and is stronger, and more durable, and more beautiful than ever before.

For a free catalogue of our new and improved window blinds, send for it. It is free of charge. Address: The Aeromotor Co., 115 Broadway, New York.

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It makes the nerves strong, and brings a glow to the face, and restores the vitality of the system. You may gain ten pounds in ten days.

GUARANTEED TOBACCO HABIT CURE.

Go buy and try a box to-day. It costs only \$1. Your own druggist will guarantee a cure or money refunded. Booklet, written guarantee of cure and sample free. Address nearest office.

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# CASCARETS

candy cathartic cure constipation. Purely vegetable, smooth and easy, sold by druggists everywhere, guaranteed to cure. Only 10c.

# BEST IN THE WORLD. RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For durability and for cheapness, no preparation is truly unrivalled.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH is a new and improved preparation for cleaning and polishing stoves, and is the best in the world.

Morse Bros. Props., Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

# OPIMUM

Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. STEPHEN, Lebanon, Ohio.

# WHISKY HABIT CURED